

S. CLEMENT'S CHURCH
BUSH AND CHERRY STREETS
PHILADELPHIA

FORTY HYMN TUNES.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED
BY THE

Rev. ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B.D.

RECTOR OF S. MARY'S, CASTLETON, N. Y.

(Author of *Helps to Meditation, Laws of Penitence, &c.*)

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S. AUSTIN'S.

1. ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B.D.

Voices in unison*Harmony.**Fine.*

ff. We march, we march to victory!
With the Cross of the Lord before us,
With His loving eye looking down from the sky,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.

We come in the might of the Lord of Light,
In surplice train to meet Him,
And we put to flight the armies of night,
That the sons of day may greet Him;
ff. We march, we march, etc.

He marches in front of His banner unfurled,
Which He raised that His own might find Him;
And the Holy Church throughout all the world
Falls into rank behind Him;
We march, we march, etc.

Boys. And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
Men. For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron:
We march, we march, etc.

Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His Eye of love looking down from above,
And His holy Arm spread o'er us.

We march, we march to victory!
With the Cross of the Lord before us,
With His loving Eye looking down from the sky,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.

CHICAGO.

2.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B.D.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The bottom staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. Both staves feature a variety of note heads, including quarter notes, eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and rests, with some notes connected by stems and others separate.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go!
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, &c.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;

Brothers, we are treading,
Where the Saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Onward, &c.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

Onward, &c.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and Angels sing.

Onward, &c.

S. MARGARET'S.

3.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.



CHORUS.



BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high,
Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
Take our heavenward way.
Brightly gleams, etc.

Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred Feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy Children meet;
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray,
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, etc.

All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe;
Bid Thine Angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour,
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, etc.

Then with Saints and Angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy Throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus in His Beauty,
Songs that never cease,
Brightly gleams, etc.

S. JOHN'S.

4.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.



"WHEN through flood and fire thou passest,
Fear not, I will with thee be!"
Blessed words, whose true fulfilment
We this day with wonder see;
Holy John, the loved Disciple,
Doth the Church commemorate,
Witnessing for Christ his Master,
Bravely at the Latin Gate.

Fiercely unto Heaven ascending,
Rise the tongues of liquid fire;
In the caldron swift they plung him;
As the flames rise ever higher.
Fearlessly his doom he faces;
He hath lain on Jesus' breast,
Jesus' arms are folded round him,
Naught can shake his perfect rest.

Wondrous sight, the flames are quenched,
Lo, the bubbling oil is still,
By God's hand restrained, all powerless
On His Saint to work their will!
Yet awhile he softly whispers,
"Tarry till I come for thee."
And to us He saith, "My children,
In his footsteps follow Me."

"Give your hearts unto My keeping,
Ask not for the easiest way,
Only ask upon My bosom
Every grief and pain to lay.
Pray the prayer I love to answer—
Lord, do Thou with us abide—
Nothing can avail to harm you,
Hidden in My pierced side!"

S. MICHAEL'S.

5.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B.D.

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word :
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride ;
With His own Blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth,
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,

Yet Saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, " How long ?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

*Mid toil, and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore ;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won :
O happy ones and holy !
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

S. CLEMENT'S.

6. ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.

JESUS, Master, King of Glory,
Still to Thee we turn for life;
Conqu'ror when the Battle's sorest,
O sustain us in the strife.

When the world is hard upon us,
And we flinch before its scorn,
Let us learn an earnest purpose,
From Thy forehead pierced with thorn.
Jesus, Master, etc.

When the Flesh is strong, and round us
All its poisonous vapors roll,
By Thy lacerated Body,
Dear Redeemer, save the soul.
Jesus, Master, etc.

When the Fiend with subtlest temptings
Lures us to our endless loss,
Mighty Master, strike the strong one
With the sharpness of Thy cross.
Jesus, Master, etc.

When the last dark storm is gathering,
And our hearts are swept with fear,
By the love of Thy dear Passion,
Master, let us feel Thee near.
Jesus, Master, etc.

So when all at last is ended,
And the Rest is reached above,
May we swell Thy Heart's rejoicings
With the rapture of our love.
Jesus, Master, etc.

S. STEPHEN'S.

7.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B.D.

MORN of morns, and day of days!
Beauteous were thy new-born rays:
Brighter yet from death's dark prison
Christ, the Light of lights, is risen.

He commanded, and His Word
Death and the dread chaos heard:
Oh, shall we, more deaf than they,
In the chains of darkness stay?

* Nature yet in shadow lies;
Let the sons of light arise,
And prevent the morning rays
With sweet canticles of praise.

* While the dead world sleeps around,
Let the sacred temples sound

* These verses should be sung only at a very early Service.

Law, and prophet, and blest psalm
Lit with holy light so calm.

Unto hearts in slumber weak
Let the heavenly trumpet speak;
And a newer walk express
Their new life to righteousness.

Grant us this, and with us be,
O Thou Fount of charity,
Thou Who dost the Spirit give,
Bidding the dead letter live.

Glory to the Father, Son,
And to Thee, O Holy One,
By Whose quickening Breath Divine
Our dull spirits burn and shine.

TAUNTON.

8.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B.D.

Glory to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, Angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

CASTLETON.

9.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B.D.

HARK ! hark ! my soul : Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore :
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
" Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come :"
And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,

And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Angels, sing on ! your faithful watches keeping :
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadow break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

S. THOMAS'S.

10.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B.D.

SAVIOUR, Blessed Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King;
All we have we offer;
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee;
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting.
Are the glories there,
Where no pain, or sorrow
Toil, or care, is known,
Where the Angel-legions
Circle round Thy Throne.

Dark and ever darker
Was the wintry past,
Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast;
Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeigned,
Love that never dies.

Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

Brighter still and brighter
Glowes the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, Blessed Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

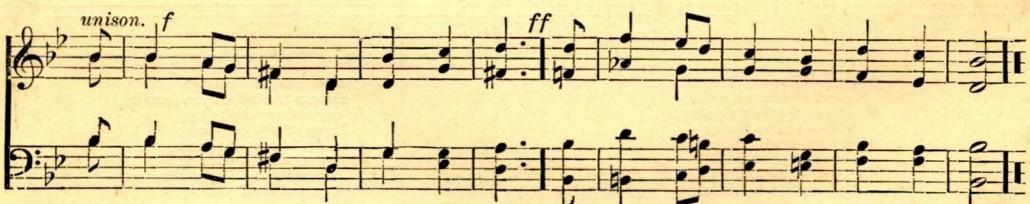
Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal;
Where in joys unheard of
Saints with Angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

VICTORY.

11.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B.D.



I.
SAFE Home! Safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck:
But oh, the joy upon the shore,
To tell our voyage perils o'er!

II.
The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who puts the victor-garland on!

III.
The lamb is in the fold
In perfect safety penn'd;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end.
But One came by with wounded Side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

IV.
No more the foe can harm :
No more of leaguer'd camp,
And cry of night alarm.
And need of ready lamp :
And yet how nearly had he failed,—
How nearly had that foe prevail'd !

V.
The exile is at home!—
Oh, nights and days of tears,
Oh, longings not to roam,
Oh, sins and doubts and fears,—
What matter now, when (so men say)
The King has wip'd those tears away?

VI.
O happy, happy Bride!
Thy widow'd hours are past,
The Bridegroom at thy side,
Thou all His Own at last!
The sorrows of thy former cup
In full fruition swallow'd up!

S. PERPETUA.

12.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.

In the hour of trial,
Jesus, strengthen me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favor,
Suffer me to fall.

With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm :
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm ;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance
Cross-crowned Calvary.

Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe ;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below ;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see :
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again ;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

PORTSLADE.

13.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.



I.
Oh, let him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

II.
Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping
Though none else is near.

III.
God will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

IV.
Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempest driven,
Heart and courage fail.

VII.
Jesu, Holy Saviour,
In the realms above
Crown us with Thy favor,
Fill us with Thy love.

V.
When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succor near.

VI.
All our woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

S. PETER'S.

14.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.



I.
Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.

II.
Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

III.
Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, Holy Jesus!
To the realms above.

IV.
Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness,
To celestial day.

V.
Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

KING'S TEIGNTON.

In slow time.

15. ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B.D



O Jesu, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er
Shame on us, Christian brethren,
His Name and sign who bear,
Oh shame, thrice shame upon us
To keep Him standing there!

O Jesu, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that Hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy Brow encircle,
And tears Thy Face have marred:

O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
“I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?”
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more.

S. MARY'S.

16.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B.D.

WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me, "Come."

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?
Yet there are Hands stretched out to draw me near.

The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the Blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, Righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

CONFIRMATION.

17.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B.D.

THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy Throne above;
Thine for ever may we be
Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever! oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!

Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

Thine for ever! Saviour, keep
Us Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

S. JUDE'S.

18.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B.D.

A LIVING stream, as crystal clear,
Welling from out the Throne
Of God and of the Lamb on high,
The Lord to man hath shown.

This stream doth water Paradise,
It makes the Angels sing:

One precious drop within the heart
Is of all joy the spring.

Joy past all speech, of glory full,
But stored where none may know,
As manna hid in dewy heaven,
As pearls in ocean low.

S. JEROME.

19.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom two are in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp, indicating G major. The music is in common time. The notes are primarily quarter notes and eighth notes, with some sixteenth-note patterns in the bass line. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines.

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy Word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;

And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy.
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus, and our All.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

VESPERS.

20.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.

A musical score for four voices (SATB) in common time. The key signature is A major (two sharps). The music consists of four staves, each with a different vocal range (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass). The notes are primarily quarter notes and eighth notes, with some rests. The vocal parts are separated by vertical bar lines.

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.
As Christ upon the Cross
His Head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting Soul resigned,
So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live;
So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,

Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,
Save that His Will be done,
Whate'er betide,
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.
Thus would I live; yet now,
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.
One Sacred Trinity!
One Lord Divine!
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine.

HOLY NATIVITY.

21.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.

A musical score for four voices (SATB) in common time. The key signature is F major (one sharp). The music consists of four staves, each with a different vocal range (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass). The notes are primarily quarter notes and eighth notes, with some rests. The vocal parts are separated by vertical bar lines.

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.
Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.
Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.
Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.
Through the long night watches
May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.
When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy Holy Eyes.
Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, Blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

NATIVITY.

22.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.



Two voices only.

Full ff

Repeat.

Organ only.

HARK ! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With the Angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark ! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Christ by highest Heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see !

Hail the incarnate Deity !
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus our Emmanuel.
Hark ! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Hail the Heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail, the Son of Righteousness !
Light and Life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings,
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth,
Hark ! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

BETHLEHEM.

23.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The Angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he; for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind;
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind."

"To you in David's town this day
 Is born of David's line
 A Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
 And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throne
 Of Angels praising God, who thus
 Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
 And on the earth be peace;
 Good will henceforth from heaven to men
 Begin and never cease."

S. ANDREW'S.

24.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top two staves are for the soprano voice, and the bottom two are for the basso continuo. The music is in common time and uses a key signature of one flat. The notation includes various note values such as quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes, along with rests and dynamic markings like forte and piano.

CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy Cross.

Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never be down-cast;
Smite them by the virtue
Of the Lenten fast.

Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly,
"While I breathe I pray."
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

"Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My Throne."

HASELBY.

Unison.

25.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.



Thou art gone up on high,
To realms beyond the skies;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise;
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown;

And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let this path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train,
Lord, by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high.

S. MARY MAGDALENE'S.

26.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.

WEEP not, Mary, weep no longer,
Nor another seek to find;
Here, indeed, the Gardener standeth,
Gardener of the thirsty mind :
In the spirit's inner garden
Seek that Gardener ever kind.

Whence thy grief and lamentation ?
Lift, faint soul, thy heart on high,
Seek not memory's consolation,
Jesus, Whom thou lov'st is nigh :
Dost thou seek thy Lord ? thou hast Him,
Though unseen by human eye.

Whence thy sorrow, whence thy weeping ?
True the joy thou hast within ;
Lives within thee what thou know'st not,
Balm to heal the wounds of sin :
'Tis within, why wander vainly,
Seeking languor's medicine ?

Now I wonder not, thy Master
If thou know'st not, while He sows ;
For His seed the word eternal
Unto fulness in thee grows.
"Mary" saith He, thou, "Rabboni"
And the soul her Saviour knows.

S. CROSS.
In slow time.

27.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in treble clef, C major, common time. The bottom staff is in bass clef, C major, common time. The music consists of a series of chords and rests, primarily quarter notes and half notes.

In the Lord's atoning grief
Be our rest and sweet relief;
Store we deep in heart's recess
All the shame and bitterness.

Thorns, and cross, and nails, and lance,
Wounds, our treasure that enhance,
Vinegar, and gall, and reed,
And the pang His soul that freed,

May these all our spirits sate,
And with love inebriate;

In our souls plant virtue's root,
And mature its glorious fruit.

Crucified! we Thee adore,
Thee with all our hearts implore;
Us with Saintly bands unite
In the realms of heavenly light.

Christ, by coward hands betrayed,
Christ, for us a captive made,
Christ, upon the bitter Tree
Slain for man, be praise to Thee.

FROME.

28.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in treble clef, G major, common time. The bottom staff is in bass clef, G major, common time. The music consists of a series of chords and rests, primarily eighth and sixteenth notes.

THE sacrifice of bitter pain
Which on the cross was made,
Free from all pain and suffering now,
Is on the Altar laid.

Christ's own true Body and His Blood,
A sacrifice divine,
Are offered here by mortal hands
'Neath forms of Bread and Wine.

We offer, Lord, this sacrifice,
To praise Thee and adore,

To praise Thee for Thy precious gifts,
Thy mercies to implore.

We pray for living and for dead,
And all who worship here,
Grant us, O Lord, for Jesus sake,
The grace to persevere.

Before Thy throne, Blest Trinity,
Our Saviour's death we plead,
That Thou wilt of Thy mercy's sake
Supply our every need.

BENEDICTUS.

29.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.



I.
Christ Jesus is coming
In love from His throne,
Christ Jesus is coming
To visit His own;
The Angels attending
Encompass their King,
Who now is descending
His mercy to bring.

II.
Blest be He who cometh
In name of the Lord,
Our Brother and Ransom,
Our Food and Reward;
Here where Thou art nighest
We bend on the knee,
And sing "In the Highest
Hosanna to Thee."

AGNUS DEI.

Very slowly.

30.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.

I.
O Lamb of God, That hast no stain,
That takest all our sins away,
That wast for us poor sinners slain,—
Have mercy as we pray. (*Twice*)

II.
O Lamb of God, That hast no stain,
That takest all our sins away,
Grant us Thy blessed peace to gain,—
The peace which lasts for aye.

ADORATION.

31.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.

We worship Thee, Lord Jesu,
As children did of old
Who sang within Thy temple
Hosannas manifold.

III.
We worship Thee, Lord Jesu,
Who on Thine Altar laid,
In this most awful service
Our Food and Drink art made.

IV.
We worship Thee, Lord Jesu,
Who, in Thy love divine

Art hiding here Thy Godhead
In forms of Bread and Wine.

IV.
I worship Thee, Lord Jesu,
And kneeling unto Thee,
As Thou didst come to Mary
I pray Thee, come to me.

V.
I worship Thee, Lord Jesu,
My King and Saviour mild,
Thou hast blest other children
Bless also me, Thy Child.

Children's Hymns.

S. AGATHA.

God is in Heaven, can He hear
A little prayer like mine?
Yes, dearest child, thou needst not fear
He listens unto thine.

God is in Heaven, can He see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that He can, He looks at thee
All day and all night long.

God is in Heaven, would He know
If I should tell a lie?

32.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.

Yes, tho' thou saidst it very low,
He'd hear it in the sky.

God is in Heaven, does He care
Or is He kind to me?
Yes, all thou hast to eat or wear
"Tis God that gives it thee.

God is in Heaven, may I pray
To go there when I die?
Yes, love Him, seek Him, and one day
He'll call thee to the sky.

S. AGNES.

Briskly.

Beautiful strains that never tire;
Beautiful crowns on every brow;
Beautiful palms the conquerors hold;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear;

Beautiful all who enter there;
Beautiful Throne of Christ our King;
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest all wandering cease,

33.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.

Beautiful home of perfect peace,
Beautiful Zion built above;
Beautiful city that I love;
Beautiful gates of pearly white;

Beautiful temple, God the light;
Beautiful Heaven where all is light;
Beautiful angels clothed in white;
Beautiful harps through all the choir.

Litanies.

LITANY OF ADVENT.

34.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.

FATHER Eternal, GOD most high,
CHRIST to our race in flesh made nigh,
SPIRIT, Who dost all grace supply;
Hear us, O God, we pray.

I.
JESU, the woman's promised Seed,
Bruiser for us of the serpent's head,
Hope of the Patriarch's dying bed;
Hear us, O God, we pray.
Presence revealed in the bush of flame,
Rock whence the waters freely came,
Known by Jehovah's awful Name;
Hear us, O God, we pray.

Sceptre and Star and Diadem,
Plant of renown from Jesse's stem,
King that wast born in Bethlehem;
Hear us, O God, we pray.
Thou Whom Isaiah's awe-struck eye
Saw on Thy throne of light most high,
Saw on this earth condemned to die;
Hear us, O God, we pray.

SAVIOUR of Whom the prophets speak,
With silent lip and smitten cheek,
Man of sorrows, Redeemer meek;
Hear us, O God, we pray.

King of the world beyond the skies,
Dwelling with us in earthly guise,
With voice of love and pitying eyes;
Hear us, O God, we pray.

JESU, great and adored Name,
Glorified now through Thy death of shame,
LESU for evermore the Same;
Hear us, O God, we pray.

II.
WORD and Wisdom of God most high,
Ruling in sweetest harmony
All the years of eternity,
Come and redeem, O Lord.
Lord and Leader of Israel's line,
Shewn to Moses in fiery sign,
Able to save by might divine:
Come and redeem, O Lord.
Root of Jesse, before Whose sway,
Kings shall be silent and obey,
Thou to Whom Gentile nations pray;
Come and redeem, O Lord.

Key of David, Who evermore
Opening wide the heavenly door
Wilt to our darkness light restore;
Come and redeem, O Lord.

Splendor of everlasting light,
Overcoming the shades of night,
Sun of righteousness, Dayspring bright;
Come and redeem, O Lord.

King of the Gentiles, and their Desire,
Mighty to save from eternal fire
All whom with life Thou dost inspire;
Come and redeem, O Lord.

O Emmanuel, SAVIOUR; King,
Who by Thy merits ransoming
Dost the new law to Thy people bring;
Come and redeem, O Lord.

III.
THAT as Thou didst Thyself abase,
We by the aid of Thy SPIRIT grace
Ever may choose the lowest place,
Hear us, O God, we pray.

That in the strength of Thy promise sure,
We, Thy Servants, faithful and pure,
May to the end of our race endure,
Hear us, O God, we pray.

That Thou wouldest kindle hope divine,
Granting to souls that are knit to Thine
Visions bright of Thy face Benign,
Hear us, O God, we pray.

That in the Day of Thine Advent dread
We with the sheep may be numbered,
So to the living waters led,
Hear us, O God, we pray.

That Thou wouldest cleanse our dazzled sight,
Making it bear the radiance bright
Shed by Thine everlasting light,
Hear us, O God, we pray.

That when we stand before Thy throne
Thou wouldest accept us as Thine own,
Thine for eternity, Thine alone,
Hear us, O God, we pray.

LITANY OF PENITENCE.

35.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.

FATHER, Whose love we have wronged by transgression,
CHRIST, Who wast nailed for our sins on the Tree,
SPIRIT, Who givest the grace of repentance;

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

JESU, Adorable SAVIOUR of sinners,
Author of penitence, Hope of our souls,
Plentiful Fountain of grace and compassion;

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

Thou Who condemning the reprobate Angels,
Gavest them up to the doom of their choice,
Awful example of endless perdition;

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

Seed of the woman, Whose promise of mercy
Shining on man in the gloom of his fall,
Holding us back from despair and damnation;

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

Thou Who didst save from the midst of the wicked
Noah Thy servant, who witnessed for Thee,
Faithfully building the ark of salvation;

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

Thou Who, o'erthrowing the city of Sodom,
Lot by the hands of Thine Angels didst send
Safely away to the mountain of refuge;

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

Thou Who hast taught us the love of the Father,
Meeting with mercy the prodigal son
Wearied of sin and abased in confession;

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

Thou Who didst enter the house of Zacchaeus,
Blessing his faith and accepting his love,
When with his riches he made restitution;

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

Thou Who hast willed that not any should perish,
But to repentance that all men should come,
Saved by the Blood of Thy precious atonement;

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

Judge of the world, that before Thy tribunal
We may find mercy and pardon from Thee,
Judged by ourselves in our time of probation;

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

II.

Thou Who didst empty Thyself of Thy glory,
Thou Who Thy parents on earth didst obey;
That by Thy meekness our pride may be vanquished,

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

That from the love of the world and its riches,
Thou wouldst preserve us and make us Thine own,
Following Thee in Thy life of privation,

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

That through Thy fasting and awful temptation
We may be fed by the Word of our God,
Sober in food and restrained in enjoyment,

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

Lamb without spot, everlastingly holy,
Thou Who wast born of a Virgin most pure,
That Thou wouldest save us from all that defileth,

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

Christ in one Body Who bindest Thy members,
Lover of all men, Whom all men must love,
That Thou wouldest keep us from envy and hatred,

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

Thou Who wast silent when malice assailed Thee,
Meek and unmoved in the midst of Thy foes,
That we may never give way to our anger,

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

O by Thy days of unwearying labor,
O by Thy watchings and prayers in the night,
That in Thy service we ne'er may be slothful,

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

Sins of the past which we fail to remember,
Sins which in sorrow we weekly confess,
That by Thy love they may all be forgiven,

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

III.

jesu, Who once by the well to the sinner,
Clearly the sins of her heart didst reveal,
That Thou wouldest lead us to see our transgressions,

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

jesu, Whose look of ineffable sorrow
Melted the heart in vain Thou hadst warned,
That Thou wouldest give us the grace of contrition,

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

Thou Who, dismissing the crowd and the minstrels,
Calledst the child of the Ruler to life,
That Thou wouldest raise us from death and damnation,

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

Thou Who dost sit as the mighty Refiner
Silver and gold in the furnace to try,
That Thou wouldest purge us from earthly corruption,

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

That we may fall at Thy feet and adore Thee,
Pouring before Thee the gifts of our love,
Knowing Thy power and trusting Thy mercy,

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

That we may bring forth works meet for repentance,
That we give place to the devil no more,
That Thou wouldest lead us to full perseverance,

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

That we may work out with fear our salvation,
That we may put on the armor of God,
That we may live to Thy righteousness only,

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

That in this life Thou wouldest purge our transgressions,
Giving us grace to submit to Thy love,
So in the day of Thy wrath Thou mayst spare us,

Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.

LITANY OF THE PASSION.

36.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.

God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy heavenly Throne,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

Jesu, Who for us didst bear
Scorn and sorrow, toil and care,
Harken to our lowly prayer;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By that hour of Agony,
Spent while Thine Apostles three
Slumbered in Gethsemane,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the prayer Thou thrice didst pray
That the cup might pass away,
So Thou mightest still obey,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the kiss of treachery
To Thy foes betraying Thee,
By Thy harsh captivity,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the scourging Thou hast borne,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By the reed and crown of thorn,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the insult of the Jews,
When Barabbas they would choose,
And did Thee their King refuse,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy going forth to die,
When they raised the wicked cry,

"Crucify Him, crucify!"
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the Cross which Thou didst bear,
By the cup they bade Thee share,
Mingled gall and vinegar,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy nailing to the Tree,
By the title over Thee,
By the gloom of Calvary,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the parting of Thy clothes,
By the mocking of Thy foes,
As they watched Thy dying woes,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy seven Words then said,
By the bowing of Thy Head,
By Thy numbering with the dead,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

When temptation sore is rife,
When we faint amidst the strife,
Thou, Whose death hath been our life,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

While on stormy seas we toss,
Let us count all things as loss
But Thee only on Thy Cross:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

So, with hope in Thee made fast,
When death's bitterness is past
We may see Thy Face at last:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

LITANY OF THE INCARNATION.

37.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.

God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy heavenly Throne,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

Son of God, for man decreed
To be born the woman's Seed,
Very God and Man indeed,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Thou Whose Wisdom all things planned,
Held by Whose Almighty hand
All things in their order stand,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

God with us, Emmanuel,
Coming here as Man to dwell,
Saving us when Adam fell,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Saviour, full of truth and grace,
Leaving Thine eternal place
To restore our fallen race,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Image of the God unseen,
Still what Thou hadst ever been,
Though in form of Infant mean,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Word, by Whom the worlds were made,
In a lowly manger laid,
Taught on earth an humble trade,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesus, led by love to share
All the forms of grief and care,

That we sinful mortals bear,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Good Physician, come to cure
All the ills that men endure,
And to make our nature pure,
Hear us, Holy Jesu,

Man of Sorrows, weak and worn
With Thy woes for sinners borne,
Lest we should for ever mourn,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Shepherd, Who Thy watch dost keep,
Guarding still Thy chosen sheep
From the spoiler's malice deep,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Lamb, from earth's foundation slain,
By Whose bitter stripes of pain
We are freed from guilty stain,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Only Victim we can plead,
Our High Priest to intercede,
Advocate in all our need,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Standing now before the Throne,
Pleading that which can alone
For the sin of man atone,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Only Hope to those who pray,
Only Help while here we stay,
Life of those who pass away,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

LITANY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.

God the Father, God the Word,
God the Holy Ghost adored,
Blessed Trinity, One Lord;
Hear us, Holy Trinity.

God for man Incarnate made,
Price for our redemption paid,
Lamb upon the Altar laid;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Spotless Victim, sinless Priest,
Thou the Giver, Thou the Feast,
Shared by greatest and by least;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

I

TREE of Life in Paradise,
Dew of blessing from the skies,
Whence the living waters rise;
Hear us, Holy Jesu,

Shadowed by the Offering
Which Melchizedec did bring,
Priest of God, and Salem's King;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Rainbow, pledge of mercy given,
Manna that came down from heaven,
Rock for weary pilgrims riven;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Pillar of the cloud and light,
Guide by day, and Guard by night,
Presence veiled from human sight;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Shew-bread in the Temple spread,
Holy Offering, purest Bread,
Food on which Thy priests are fed;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Ark of covenanted grace,
Glory of the holy Place,
Radiance from the Father's face;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Cake that spreadst alarm among
All the Midianitish throng,
Bread that mak'st Elijah strong;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Thou in sacred type the Meal
Sin's dread poison brought to heal,
Thou redemption's Pledge and Seal;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Paschal Lamb, on that last night
Offered in the newer rite,
As the law passed out of sight;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

II

FROM all unbelief in Thee,
Who dost deign our Food to be
In this wondrous Mystery;
Save us, Holy Jesu.

From contempt and proud offence,
Judging God by human sense,
From all cold indifference;
Save us, Holy Jesu.

From a careless drawing near,
Unrestrained by love and fear,
To Thy Presence veiled here;
Save us, Holy Jesu.

From a heart which, fed by Thee,
Takes Thy Gift unheedingly,
Leaves Thy Board unthankfully;
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy pleading on the throne
Thy One Offering for Thine own,
On the heavenly Altar shewn;
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By the Holy Sacrifice
Offered here in earthly guise,
One with That above the skies;
Save us, Holy Jesu.

III

That Thou wouldst supply our need,
When with Prayer and Praise and Creed
Thy great Sacrifice we plead,
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Be Thou with us in Thy might,
When before our dying sight
Worlds unknown come forth to light;
Hear us, we beseech Thee

Feed us in that last dread hour,
Stay our weakness with Thy power,
Make the evil tempter cower;
Hear us, we beseech Thee

Bid the mortal struggle cease,
Give our spirits safe release,
So shall we depart in peace;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Lamb of God, we worship Thee,
Who from sin hath set us free;
Thine all praise and glory be;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

LITANY OF THE CHURCH.

39.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.

God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy heavenly Throne,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

Jesu, with Thy Church abide,
Be her Saviour, Lord, and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Arms of love around her throw,
Shield her safe from every foe,
Comfort her in time of woe:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Keep her life and doctrine pure,
Grant her patience to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a judgment near,
Telling of a Saviour dear:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

All her fettered powers release,
Bid our strife and envy cease,
Grant the heavenly gift of peace:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

All that she has lost restore,
May her strength and zeal be more
Than in brightest days of yore:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold,
Fence her round, Thy peaceful fold:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

May her Priests Thy people feed,
Shepherds of the flock indeed,
Ready, where Thou call'st, to lead:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Judge her not for work undone,
Judge her not for fields unwon,
Bless her works in Thee begun:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

For the past give deeper shame,
Make her jealous for Thy Name,
Kindle zeal's most holy flame:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Rise her to her calling high,
Let the nations far and nigh
Hear Thy heralds' warning cry:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

May her lamp of truth be bright,
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

May her scattered children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Arm her soldiers with the cross,
Brave to suffer toil or loss,
Counting earthly gain but dross:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

May she soon all-glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure, and bright, and worthy Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Fit her all Thy joy to share
In the home Thou dost prepare,
And be ever blessed there:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

40.

LITANY OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.

God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy heavenly Throne,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

Jesu, Saviour ever mild,
Born for us a little Child
Of the Virgin undefiled,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, by the Mother-Maid
In Thy swaddling-clothes arrayed,
And within a manger laid,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, at Whose Infant Feet
Shepherds, coming Thee to greet,
Kneel to pay their worship meet,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, unto Whom of yore
Wise men, hastening to adore,
Gold and myrrh and incense bore,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, to Thy Temple brought,
Whom, by Thy good Spirit taught,
Simeon and Anna sought,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, Who didst deign to flee
From King Herod's cruelty
In Thy earliest Infancy,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, Whom Thy Mother found
Midst the doctors sitting round,
Marvelling at Thy Words profound,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART II.

From all pride and vain conceit,
From all spite and angry heat,
From all lying and deceit,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

From all sloth and idleness,
From not caring for distress,
From all lust and greediness,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

From refusing to obey,
From the love of our own way,
From forgetfulness to pray,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

PART III.

By Thy Birth and early years,
By Thine Infant wants and fears,
By Thy sorrows and Thy tears,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy Pattern bright and pure,
By the pains Thou didst endure
Our salvation to procure,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy Wounds and thorn-crowned Head,
By Thy Blood for sinners shed,
By Thy Rising from the dead,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By the Name we bow before,
Human Name, which evermore
All the hosts of heaven adore,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thine own unconquered might,
By Thy glory in the height,
By Thy mercies infinite,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

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